

What Will You Have Left?

You deny any responsibility for Your actions,

Stating that there was nothing that could have changed the outcome.

Saying that what was done had to be done,

And that You are free of any responsibility.

But you lie.

You have become so selfish,

That Your own deceitful words have blinded your eyes,

So that You may not even recognize your actions.

Your words.

Your deeds.

Can You not recall anything?

When *You* did this to *Us*?

When air around You fills with chemicals,

Spewed out by those factories under Your command,

And the ocean with discarded memories of the past,

What will You have left?

For you even deprived the animals of living.

When the trees and earth scream,

As You scar what is beneath your feet,

And You claim that the only way the world will run,

Is if You take,

And watch the land burn.

What will You have left?

For you will have depleted all the sources,

All the irreplaceable sources of that have endured eons of change.

When You ignore the pleas of the desperate,

And You destroy the hearts of the people you sought to protect,

And their resentment runs deep in their bones.

What will You have left?

For You stomp them beneath Your polished boots,

To extinguish their flame.

When your hands are stained with a deep red,

And You hide them behind your back,

And when the scrolls of Your lies are unraveled,

At the base of Your feet,

You will be brought down.

How can you face Your children?

The very face of history?

When You are the cause of their afflictions?

How can swear Your loyalty to their future,

When You have taken if from them already?

What will You have in the end?

Who even are You?

That there is no destiny to fulfill.

All there is blame.

All there is guilt.

All there is sorrow.

All there is silence.

But nothing more.

Your age,

Your memories,

Shrouded in a thousand regrets,

And Your thoughts unstable as the wind before the
storm

And You will see the end.

As Your pockets grew heavier,

And Your laugh more boastful,

And You sit on the high chair of your "success."

Your ears grew deaf,

And your eyes blind to the plagues created by Your
nefarious party.

It is only when everything has been taken from You,

That Your eyes grow wide with fear,

And they well with tears,

At the realization that there is no quick fix to Your
errors,